Nate and his father lived in the outback of Australia on a logging farm. They spent their days clearing the land of the massive red oak trees that covered it. One morning, Nate and his father noticed that their horses were uneasy. Nate peered up the side of the mountain and saw a jet-black stallion. He knew the stallion was trying to call the mares back to the herd of wild horses from which Nate and his father had caught them.

A mare pulling a load of logs strained her chains and harness too hard, and suddenly the chains snapped! "Look out, Nate!" screamed his father. Nate turned just in time to see the logs swing around full circle and strike his father in the head. "Father, Father, are you hurt?" asked Nate with alarm, but he saw that his father had been hit in the head by the logs and knew at once that he was dead.

Nate wept and carried his father home, and the next morning he buried him in a grave near their log home. "I promise I will get the stallion responsible for this, Father," said Nate, speaking to the grave.

He packed food and water and mounted his mare and rode off into the mountains. He followed tracks left by the pack of horses, noting that there must be close to one hundred of them. That night he pitched camp by a river, and there he cried from the loneliness he felt. His mare was restless, and he knew he was nearing the herd.

At dawn he saw the object of his search. The black stallion was rearing into the air with the sun behind him. Nate grabbed his rope and mounted his mare, and he chased the stallion into a corner of rocks. Then he threw a rope around his neck, but the stallion fought Nate with all his frightening might. "Whoa, boy, whoa," said Nate in soothing

tones. He looked into the eyes of the stallion and knew at once that he could not kill the horse as he had intended.

The legend has it that Nate named the stallion Stormy. Nate and Stormy led many adventures in that area of the mountains, and that is why history refers to Nate as the Man from Stormy Pass.

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